Daugh. As ever you heard, but ſay nothing.
1. *Fr.* No, (him,
Daugh. They come from all parts of the Dukedome to
Ile warrant ye, he had not ſo few laſt night
As twenty to diſpatch, hee'l tickl't up
In two howres, if his hand be in.
Iay. She's loſt
Paſt all cure.
Bro. Heaven forbid man.
Daugh. Come hither, you are a wiſe man.
1. *Fr.* Do's ſhe know him?
1. *Fr.* No, would ſhe did.
Daugh. You are maſter of a Ship?
Iay. Yes.
Daugh. Wher's your Compaſſe?
Iay. Heere.
Daugh. Set it too'th North.
And now direct your courſe to'th wood, wher *Palamon*
Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling
Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
Bowling, out with the maine ſaile, wher's your
Whiſtle Maſter?
Bro. Lets get her in.
Iay. Vp to the top Boy.
Bro. Wher's the Pilot?
1. *Fr.* Heere,
Daugh. What ken'ſt thou?
2. *Fr.* A faire wood.
Daugh. Beare for it maſter: take about: *Singes.*
When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.*

Emilia. Yet I may binde thoſe wounds up, that muſt
And bleed to death for my ſake elſe; Ile chooſe, (open
And end their ſtrife: Two ſuch yong hanſom men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold aſhes of their Sonnes
Shall never curſe my cruelty: Good heaven,

What

What a ſweet face has *Arc*
With all her beſt endowme
She ſowes into the birthes
Were here a mortall woma
The coy denialls of yong M
She would run mad for thi
Of what a fyry ſparkle, an
Has this yong Prince? Here
Iuſt ſuch another wanton G
Set Love a fire with, and en
Snatch up the goodly Boy,
A ſhining conſtellation: W
Of what a ſpacious Majeſty
Arch'd like the great eyd *Iu*
Smoother then *Pelops* Shou
Me thinks from hence, as fr
Pointed in heaven, ſhould c
To all the under world, the
Of gods, and ſueh men neer
Is but his foyle, to him, a m
Hee's ſwarth, and meagre,
As if he had loſt his mothe
No ſtirring in him, no alacr
Of all this ſprightly ſharpen
Yet theſe that we count err
Narciſſus was a ſad Boy, b
Oh who can finde the bent
I am a Foole, my reaſon is lo
I have no choice, and I have
That women ought to beate
I aske thy pardon: *Palam*
And only beutifull, and thef
Theſe the bright lamps of b
And threaten Love, and wha
What a bold gravity, and ye
Has this browne manly face
From this howre is Comple
Thou art a changling to him

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C